Before the Expiration of thy time,
In brauing armes against thy Soueraigne.
Bul. As I was banisht, I was banisht *Herford*,
But as I come, I come for *Lancaster*:
And noble Vncle, I beseech your grace,
Looke on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my Father, or me thinks in you
I see old *Gaunt* alive. Oh then Father,
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
A wandering Vagabond, my rights and royalties
Pluckt from my Armes perforce, and giuen away
To Vpstart Vnthrifts? wherefore was I borne?
If that my Cosin King, be King of England,
It must be graunted I am Duke of Lancaster:
You haue a Sonne, *Aumerle*, my noble Cosin,
Had you first died, and he beene thus trod downe,
He should haue found his Vncle *Gaunt* a Father,
To rouze his wrongs, and chase them to the Bay.
I am denied to sue my liuerie heere,
And yet my letters patents giue me leaue.
My fathers goods are all distrain'd and sold,
And these, and all, are all amisse employed.
What would you haue me doe? I am a Subiect,
And I challenge Law; Atturnies are denide me,
And therefore personally I lay my claime
To my inheritance of free descent.
North. The noble Duke hath been too much abusde.
Rosse. It stands your Grace vpon, to do him right.
Willo. Base men by his endowments are made great.
Yorke. My Lords of England, let me tell you this;
I haue had feeling of my Cosins wrongs,
And laboured all I could to do him right,
But in this kind, to come in brauing Armes,
Be his owne caruer, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong, it may not be:
And you that do abette him in this kind,
Cherish Rebellion, and are Rebels all.
North. The noble Duke hath sworne, his comming is

But for his owne; and for the
We all haue strongly sworne to
And let him ne're see ioy that b
Yorke. Well, well, I see the iss
I cannot mend it, I must needs
Because my power is weake, an
But if I could, by him that gau
I would attach you all, and ma
Vnto the Soueraigne mercy o
But since I cannot, be it know
I do remaine as newter; so fare
Vnlesse you please to enter in t
And there repose you for this
Bul. An offer Vncle that
But we must winne your Grace
To *Bristow* Castle, which they
By *Bushie*, *Bagot*, and their co
The Caterpillers of the Comm
Which I haue sworne to weede
Yorke. It may be I will go w
For I am loth to breake our
Nor friends, nor foes, to me w
Things past redresse, are now

Enter Earle of of Salisburie
Welch. My Lord of *Salisbu*
And hardly kept our Country
And yet we heare no tidings
Therefore we will disperse our
Salis. Stay yet another day
The King reposeth all his co
Welch. Tis thought the Ki
The Bay-trees in our Countr
And Meteors fright the fixed
The pale-fac'd Moone lookes
And leane-look't Prophets wh
Rich men looke sadde, and R
The one in feare to loose wha

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22312) LONDON, 1615 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.